

HAS SPENT FORTUNE TRYING TO FORGET AMERICAN GIRL

Capt. Roper-Curzon Dissipates His Patriotism in Vain Effort to Undo the Chains Forged by Cupid—Now Ready to Begin Life Anew

Capt. Arthur Eric Paget Roper-Curzon has spent \$300,000 in America in three years trying to forget an American girl.

He is a poor man, having dissipated the last penny of his inheritance, and he is now going to begin life anew.

He belongs to a family that traces its lineage back to the time of Henry III. The heads of it have been peers of England for 200 years.

Arthur Eric Paget Roper-Curzon was a youth of experience when he first met Miss Margaret Gwynne, although he was only twenty-three.

His birth and the allowance given him by a rich and generous father, gave him abundant opportunities. He met his American sweetheart on board a ship that was cruising on the Mediterranean.



CAPT. ROPER-CURZON

Miss Gwynne was very lovely, and she had the breezy charm and freshness, the lively independence and nerve which make American women so attractive to Britishers. Young Roper-Curzon fell head over heels in love with her.

He gained a reluctant consent from Miss Gwynne, but her parents did not look with favor upon the proposed match. The mother especially opposed it. The Gwynnes insisted that Roper-Curzon must gain the consent of his family before he married their daughter.

Curzon hurried to England and straightway sought his father, making a clean breast of the whole affair.

"You must not marry beneath your position," cried the elder Roper-Curzon, adding a threat of disinheritance.

So the young man lingered in London. The pleased father increased his allowance and Arthur Eric Roper-Curzon tried to enjoy life in social dissipation.

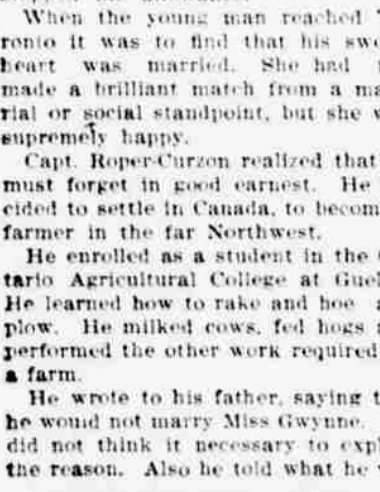
After more than two years of separation he decided to sacrifice everything and seek her in America, to marry her if he could persuade her to consent. He gathered a small amount of money and started for Canada. He had told his father of his determination, and the old gentleman promptly stopped his allowance.

When the young man reached Toronto it was to find that his sweetheart was married. She had not made a brilliant match from a material or social standpoint, but she was supremely happy.

Capt. Roper-Curzon realized that he must forget in good earnest. He decided to settle in Canada, to become a farmer in the far Northwest.

He enrolled as a student in the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. He learned how to rake and hoe and plow. He milked cows, fed hogs and performed the other work required on a farm.

He wrote to his father, saying that he would not marry Miss Gwynne. He did not think it necessary to explain the reason. Also he told what he was



MISS MARGUERITE GWYNNE

doing. The father was immensely pleased. He forwarded handsome remittances and advised his son to keep at work on a farm. And Capt. Roper-Curzon followed his parent's advice for a time.

Before he had finished his first six months in the farm-school his father died. Then, in the language of one of his friends, "Roper-Curzon dropped the rake and reached for the rifle; the fireworks commenced immediately."

His share of the estate was little less than \$300,000.

While waiting for the estate to be settled up Capt. Roper-Curzon conceived the idea of taking a party of six friends to the Klondike. His expedition was organized on the most elaborate scale. He engaged an escort of irregular soldiers under command of Sergt. Mortimer, one of Canada's best-known scouts, and now of the Toronto Mounted Rifles.

The Edmonton route of dreadful memory was chosen. The Roper-Curzon party made a sensation along the trail. Everywhere they went he made prodigious gifts of blankets and trinkets to the Indians. Their fame preceded them. The news spread from camp to camp that "the little white god has come," and Roper-Curzon came to be widely known as "The Little White God."

He quickly tired of the rigors and hardships of arctic travel. Their outfit was not suited for fast progress in that country. One day Capt. Roper-Curzon said to the others:

"Boys, I'm tired of Indian bucks and squabbling squaws; let's go back where there is something decent to eat and something going on."

Of course they were willing to return. He was paying for the whole show. The head of the party gave their guides pretty much all of the outfit, including four horses, and led his friends to Winnipeg. The Klondike trip cost him something more than \$10,000.

At Winnipeg an idea struck him, and as a result there appeared an advertisement that read like this:

"Any young woman wishing to learn something to her advantage and to secure a pleasant home will communicate with—"

A fictitious name was given, and the answers were to be addressed in care of the newspaper.

In another newspaper an advertisement requested any young man wishing to secure a home on easy terms to write to him.

There was no lack of applicants. The Captain made a selection from among the young women and from the young men. He went to them separately and told them what was in his mind. If they would agree to marry each other ten minutes after they met for the



Matchmaking as a Diversion.

first time they would have a house, furniture and all. The young couple agreed.

He brought them together, had a minister waiting and they were promptly married. He also furnished the bridal dinner.

Then it occurred to him that the pair ought to have a wedding trip, so he took them to Toronto and afterward to Boston. They had everything that money could buy—the finest suites in the best hotels, the most elaborate dinners and carriages at their disposal. They were permitted to buy everything they wanted in the way of clothes.

"That was really a delightful experience," said Capt. Roper-Curzon reminiscingly. "Those people had the jolliest kind of a time. I don't know what it cost me—something more than \$5,000, I believe."

He didn't stay long in the West, but went back to Toronto. He had not succeeded in forgetting his old sweetheart. Melancholy possessed him. He resolved to give a dinner that was in harmony with his state of mind. His famous "dead man's feast" was the result.

The dinner took place on Friday, the 13th of the month, and thirteen covers were laid. There were thirteen courses, thirteen waiters and an orchestra shrouded in black composed of thirteen players.

In the center of the table was a perfect articulated skeleton, which at certain intervals stood up and rattled its bones while the orchestra played a gruesome dirge.

At the stroke of every hour figures dressed as shades passed before the diners, and when midnight tolled a curtain rolled up disclosing a Brocken scene, while bats fluttered about the room.

This pleasant conceit cost Capt. Roper-Curzon something more than \$1,200.

On Feb. 4 last Capt. Roper-Curzon announced that he was broke. Since then he has been taking a real and cheerful interest in life. At thirty-one he is about to start forth to make his fortune.

IN WOMAN'S INTEREST

THREE "FETCHING" COSTUMES.



The golding costume shown is of scarlet and white shepherd's plaid, stitched in scarlet and having a scarlet patent leather belt. The felt hat is also scarlet and the scarf is white. The white quilts have red stems.

The afternoon gown is pale green orzardie with darker green leaves and pink buds, and lace dyed to match the buds is used for the festoons. The carriage costume is white voile, trimmed with pale silk embroidery

showing threads of silver, the buttons being also of silver. The hat is a dark gray chip trimmed with heavy lace about the brim, and having a cascade effect in white roses at the back.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Girl's Jacket.

Short, loose jackets are exceedingly becoming to young girls, are in the height of style, and are so easily slipped on and off as to make them commendable from the standpoint of use as well as fashion. The very smart model illustrated is adapted to all the season's materials.

The jacket is made with fronts and back and is shaped by means of shoulder



der and under-arm seams. The back is laid in an inverted plait at the center and the fronts in plaits which extend from the shoulders, all of which are stitched to yoke depth.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is four yards 21 inches wide, two yards 44 inches wide, or 1½ yards 52 inches wide.

Fancy Shirt Waist.

The yoke of this waist is made with bands, or tucks, which encircle the neck, then turn downwards on each side of the front. This is bordered with a band of the material, trimmed with soutache, which also trims the collar and the front of the yoke. Below the yoke the blouse is made with plaits which open out about halfway down.

On each side of these is a box plait ornamented at the top with a little pocket flap trimmed with the soutache. The sleeves are plaited on the outside, trimmed at the bottom with the soutache, where they are drawn in to form cuffs.



Latest Parisian Sleeve. In the best French models the sleeve de rigueur is tight fitting above the elbow, with a puff or full below. The upper part is usually ornamented with motifs in passementerie or lace, and the cuff may be turned back with a gauntlet of lace, though this is less chic than the simple pointed sleeve coming well over the hand.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

Mauve is one of the leading colors this season.

Soft crush felts of lamb skin, with one or two straps, are much favored.

Filled petticoats of taffeta are now made for children, modeled the same as for their elders.

The newest sailor hat is made with a slightly rolled brim and immensely large but low crowns.

Shirt waist suits of natural pongee are relieved by piping of same material in scarlet, blue and black.

Linen coats with triple shoulder capes, double-breasted front and wide, loose sleeves are much in demand.

Adjustable buttons, with ring or bar fastening, are favorites for shirt waist decoration, four being the regulation for the front.

Turbans or large hats of hyacinth blue and the lighter shades of porcelain blue are worn with costumes of blue voile and etamine.

Light Spring Tints.

Many colors have been prepared. Out of these only a few have been called to take a prominent position. The light, delicate spring tints are splashed with white, and the canvases, acellones, and kindred fabrics are so loosely woven that they show the silk linings through. Linens and cloths are all decoupe, and many are embroidered a jour with open-hole Madeira patterns, a treatment which holds good with plain glaces, points de sole and light chine silk when the embroidery is black. Laces of the same color as the material, coarsely made, are very well worn.

Starch mixed with soapsuds will never stick. Machine oil will remove slight scratches on the piano. Oilcloth will last much longer if newspapers are placed underneath.

Turpentine placed in the scrub water will give the house a fresh odor. Kerosene rubbed on the rollers of the wringer will remove dirt and stains.

A teaspoonful of turpentine placed in the boiler will make washing white as snow.

It is healthier to have light weight comforts, as heavy ones make the limbs ache.

Turpentine mixed with stove polish prevents rust, and gives brighter gloss than water.

Cresote and alcohol, one part cresote and two parts alcohol, will drive away bedbugs.

Dip the broom in boiling soapsuds once a week, and it will sweep better and last much longer.

A cloth wet with alcohol rubbed on the window pane prevents it from frosting in the cold weather.

Gowns from Paris.

Gown designed by Ernest Randnitz for the beautiful Comtesse de P.—It is of gray voile, made with groups of five tucks, forming squares. Over these at the bottom of the skirt are graduated groups of embroidered bands.

These also trim the corsage, forming a bolero and double shoulder collar. The jabot is of lace. The sleeves are



made and trimmed to correspond.—La Mode Artisque.

Varnish Kitchen Walls.

A sanitary, convenient and also cheap treatment of the ordinary wallpaper is to give it a wash of thin varnish. This improves and preserves the colors, and makes any number of washings possible. Kitchen walls should always be done in this manner.

White Cloth Waist.

Blouse of white cloth with bolero fronts. The latter are made with a group of plaits on each side stitched down part way, then opening out.

On either side of these are two wide plaits stitched on the edges and disappearing under the girdle.

Over this is a pretty shoulder collar, trimmed with embroidered motifs, as are also the girdle and cuffs.

The blouse is ornamented at the top with little gold buttons.

High-Buttoned Boots from Paris.

From Paris comes the cry that high-buttoned boots of black kid, with narrow Louis XV. heels, are preferred to all others. If gray or tan-colored boots or shoes are used, stockings, of course, must match. But black is really the best style.

Window Curtains of Crash.

Brown linen is among the recent innovations for dressing a window. It is particularly effective where the room is treated in ecru or in different tones of yellow.



CUPOLA SKETCHES
By BYRON WILLIAMS

A staid physician of our acquaintance had a most remarkable dream the other night. It is the nucleus for a novel, but just now we are too busy to become a novelist, and we pass it on where it will do the most good.

The doctor had been out to one of those performances where the clothes are supposed to be all ready and the go-cart landed in the woods. He was weary when Morpheus seduced him to sleep, and his tired limbs jumped a bit now and then as a new bride does when tickled slyly on the bottoms of her feet.

Then into "God's beloved sleep" there crept a dream. The doctor was on a journey. Finally he landed in a wide-open town in an unknown territory. As he walked along the streets the people continually consulted their watches. Abruptly a bell rang and some one called out in a loud voice:

"The Crack of Doom!"

Immediately there arose a mighty din, men, women and children screamed, firearms were discharged, incendiary fires sprang up, painted women dashed through the streets in negligee, vice flaunted a red flag, liquor flowed from the open doorways of the saloons, and scream upon scream of distress rent the air.

Of a sudden a red-faced brigand grasped the doctor's watch and was away in the flutter of a second!

Again tolled the bell! And the voice:

"The Crack of Doom is now over!"

Immediately business resumed and peace settled upon the city.

"What does all this mean?" questioned the physician, wonderment and fear depicted in his face.

The man accosted stopped and turning said:

"Art thou a stranger to 'the Crack of Doom?'"

"Except to the extent of one gold watch," answered the man of medicine with an attempt at a smile!

"I will explain!" continued the citizen. "In this place men are wronged, as indeed they are everywhere! We have no courts to punish the wicked, but every thirty minutes there is an interval of ten minutes in which scores are paid lawfully!"

"Should a man injure you, you may, with impunity, kill him during the ten minutes interstice. The law absolves you from all blame! Vice is permitted only during these recesses, and no liquor is sold except between strokes of the bell!"

"In a moment doom will strike again," admonished the informant, turning away, with his watch in his hand!

It was even so. With a great clamor the brazen note blared on the air. Toward the physician came a great burly virago with a bloody knife in her teeth! There was murder in her eye and determination in every set line of her face.

Without waiting for the attack, the doctor flew full at her throat!

There was a piercing scream. The man of pills awoke with a start, his hands clutched wildly in the lace of his wife's robe-de-nuit at the throat!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" screamed that frightened woman, "what are you doing? Trying to kill me?"

"No, my dear," answered the doctor dazedly, "I have just got home from 'The Crack of Doom.'"

"Well, for goodness sake, doctor, never go there again if you are to repeat this operation," gasped his better half with fervor.

And he never has!

Some years ago we saw a man hanged!

As a general diet we would prefer less solemn functions—but in following where duty led, we witnessed the execution. This bit of experience is recalled by a newspaper account of a hanging during which the populace clamored to see the villain die.

Strange, isn't it, that men seek the death exhibition? And yet we have seen them climb trees and mount rooftops to look within the boarded inclosure where grim justice demanded a life for a life!

And woman! Once we knew a woman, lovable in many ways, a lady always—and yet she sought to see a murderer hanged! When pleading failed, she sought an eminence hard by the jail yard and strove to see the trap when it bore downward with its victim.

Seeing a man hanged is not so terrible as some imagine—but the memory ever vividly recalls the scene, the white faced wretch trembling in the death march, the last quivering look ere the death cap hides the light forever, the moment of suspense, the awful plunge, the slight flutter of suffering physique—and the dead calmness!

Happy the day when man shall be elevated above the premeditations and the passions that lead to murder. Then there will be no eye for an eye, or tooth for a tooth, in its present day significance.